RECEIVED AUG 2 9 1980

Volume complete
6-5-88
J. S.
Indexed
PS 4/2/93

17

JOSEPH ... H, INC. 93

911 Northridge S... ...nsboro, N. C. 27420

...structions by: ...: Date Sent to Binder

Herbert Hucks, Jr., ... t, SANDOR TESZLER LIBRARY, Wofford Colle... Spartanburg, SC, 29301

ALL INSTRUCTIONS ON BINDING TICKET WILL BE FOLLOWED EXPLICITLY

LETTER SPINE EXACTLY AS FOLLOWS:	INSTRUCTIONS TO BINDER
Title: THE JOURNAL	✓ Bind as is (with covers & ads) 11 ___ Remove front covers ___ Remove back covers ___ Remove ads (front & back) ___ Remove all ads (extra charge) ___ Bind title page/contents in front ___ Bind index in front ___ Bind index in back ✓ Hand sew if necessary (extra charge)
Vol.: NO TRIM	BLACK AAB 990 Cover Color Letter in: ✓ gold; ___ black; ___ white
Year 1979-1980	LIBRARY BOOKS: ___ Decorated covers; ___ plain covers; ___ picture covers (extra charge)
Call No.: 378.05 Cop. 2 Archives HANDSEW 83605 1	SUPER-FLEX (economy binding) Uniform height, white lettering. Covers & ads bound in. Cover color for **periodicals only** _____. Books & Paperbacks — cloth colors random selected by binder; binder's choice of black or white lettering. Paperbacks: ___ Mount front cover; ___ Bind in covers; ___ Discard covers.

(Numbered in pencil at top, for your convenience)

Special Instructions: You have rub; bind intact; nothing on front cover; return with LIBRARY SHIPMENT, but bill to Publications Board, Wofford College, Spartanburg, SC, 29301, Attn.: Dr. SCOT MORROW

Send two copies of binding slip with volume; retain one copy for your files. If item returned for correction because of binder's error, original binding slip **must be** returned with volume.

BINDERY COPY

March 13, 1980

Dear Mr. JACKSON: please send, for binding and other archival purposes, 8 copies of the JOURNAL - which is nice!

Please write my name on thn envelope, so I'll be sure to get it.

Thanks!

Herbert Hucks, Jr.
Archivist: Wofford Colleg

RECEIVED

Thank you,
Ay T. Jackson

ARCHIVES
WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301

RECEIVED MAR 13 1981

The Literary Magazine of Wofford College
February 1980
The 125th Anniversary of Wofford College

Editor (go'fer): Murray T. Jackson III
Liaison: Mark Olencki

TABLE OF CONTENTS

STUDENTS

Page			
2	Dale Hinote/David Curry	9,10	DuBose Medlock
3,4,	G. Gary Ballard	11	Kem Maloney
5	David P. Kendrick	12	Earl Scott
6,7	Tom Lowrimore	13-15	Max Moore
8	M.T. Jackson III	15	M.T. Jackson III

Lightwork

Cover shots--- Hudson Marvel and Mark Olencki

Page			
16,17	Mark Olencki	20	Hudson Marvel
18	Tom Lowrimore	21	MaLinda Jones
19	C.L. Abercrombie	22,23	Mark Olencki

FACULTY

Page			
24	Frank Anderson	29	Herb Kitson
25	Dennis Dooley	30,31	Interim 301
26-28	Ed Minus	32	Scaramouche

STUDENTS

Linda Sue: Some Other Possibilities

Life drips from day to day
Like coffee from the scratched brown cup
She holds, making little spots
On the pages of the National Enquirer.

She looks out the kitchen window
Into the woods beyond.
It is growing dim; she does not see
That a wild girl lies weeping
On the dead leaves.

Dale Hinote

Doppleganger

The hash was good,
no, great
and now my thoughts
have turned to
Pink Floyd,
Martin Heidegger,
and you.

The dragon is at my back
and my front is assaulted by words
like the ones I use here
to feel these demons out.
For if I can see them,
maybe I can be them.

I wait for your songs,
I long for your peace,
I ache for your arms,
but all seem so far;
if only I can make it.

David Curry

a still life comes to terms with it's life

globular, color-paraffined fruit
lounges in a small basket,
shadowed on an antique marble topped table
near the hearth.

subtle, adventurous,
rose-hued blossoms stand in a serpentined,
porcelain vase, accentuating
the textured wicker while pine
and cedar twigs kindle in a
blood glow,
incensing the aerial darkness
with a delicately sweet smell.
keeping tempo,
passionate flames slowly slake their thirst,
lapping the seared wood's warmth,
harmoniously;
the noise of the calm echoing into the obscurity
of the night.

G. Gary Ballard

growth

during our concise lives
we've examined bloomings of our existence
and the freshness of coming spring
on april days; the soft
afternoon drizzling,
pitter-patter
sealed within warm beams of
closing daylight,
while an oak tree's enormous shadow
hurls down
darkness.
still
on we walk arm in arm,
unafraid,
under latticed rose gardens,
their nature
surrounding our freed spirits,
lifting us higher until the day
mellows;
it's thrill lingering on,
but abruptly
surrendering
to the compelling
slumberous
night.

G. Gary Ballard

Perchance

i know people who run here and there,
busy as flies on fried chicken--
they think life's passing them by.
i know people who run away from their problems
not knowing answers are at hand
and can be found;
they just need to look. But
they close their eyes, take another drink, and pray
everything's going to turn out right---
take another pill, go to sleep, time will make everything
rosy.
And as luck has it
it sometimes does.

G. Gary Ballard

Running

The musty
apartment was dark,
the electricity hadn't been
connected.
shivering and surrounded by cardboard boxes,
i sat before the open fireside,
next to the birch logs,
eating hard, Gouda cheese
and townhouse crackers,
watching the flames flicker
and leap.
i thought of you,
and how i would love you to be here.
we could laugh,
and joke,
and drink some white wine
(but i haven't even unpacked it.
yet)
in my mind i heard
the ringing
of a distant telephone;
i heard the crying at the other
end. i remember your mom
telling me the news, "it was an accident...the other car...
crossed the center...line."
i ate another cheese cracker,
then looked around to the unticking clock---
too late now and nothing
achieved,
i'll start unpacking in the morning.

G. Gary Ballard

Breakfast

The morning sun
Shooting through my window
Glides me out of sleep.
None of life's unpleasant visitors,
No alarm today is necessary.

As the taste of honey is sweet,
The sun gleams over my body.
The morning wind
Breezing through my window.
A glass of cold water
Washes the honey down.

The grey of yesterday's clouds
Splashed away like water on paint.
The bright blue of the morning sun
Paints for me today
A portrait of faith.

David P. Kendrick

Never Far Enough

As I'm writing these words,
I realize they've been written before
And I know they'll be said again
So why say how I feel?
I'm sure you've heard it all before.

But I'm not just another guy
Suffering from infatuation.
You're not just another girl,
The infatuation's reason.

Whenever I see you, my heart jumps,
My hand reaches out, never far enough.
Never enough for you to see.
I've been turned away far too often,
Yet, even now, I still want to believe.

David P. Kendrick

Chinese Art

The ancient Chinese use single brushstrokes
better than anyone.
A single delicate line is limply
the branch of a weeping willow.
Solitary strands, reminding me of eyelashes,
draw me near you.

I stand upon the reaching guest mountain
in the greens of your iris; as if the
summer leaves still drape that hill.
The deep valley, where a mist arises eternally
from an unseen river,
is the dark heart of your eye; so deep,
but I know the path and cross the ravine.
Just beyond that chasm---back,---farther back---
the host mountain reaches skyward
toward something high above my world.
I scale that pinnacle and exist
as a part of your panorama---the world;
peaceful: my body; meaningless.
I am, solely for your art,
until the moment you blink, and these
reflections disappear; the stroke
of your lid brushing them away.
Silently, breathlessly.

Tom Lowrimore

a striking pose

She sat nakedly upon the bed;
mattress top met mattress bottom and her feet were flat.
a head rest upon Her thigh
while the rest of me drooped towards the floor:
relaxed.
blue eyes ran teary onto Her round white knees.

Her fingers easily stroked through soft hair;
and She wore a silver and turquoise ring and
understood depressions in my head.
She smelled of violets and we did not talk.

Tom Lowrimore

Street Dancing

A fat black man does the watusi, returning his trousers to waist level,
while a two--foot long Jamaican--style child holds onto his pants leg
for security.
Even this moves, so the child turns and runs back, crying.
The black man looks at his hat, wipes the sweat from its band, and
continues to talk about the funeral he has just come from.

Tom Lowrimore

Sleepless Night

The clock changed numbers
and elephants danced in my room.
The silence was forever before
they dared the two step again.

As the night grew, deepening those around me,
the sun bade the other half hello, good--day, good--bye.....

Slowly, birds sang until the
elephants danced no more.
With the light and fear of discovery,
they hid in my clock
practicing their minute waltz
until the next night.

Tom Lowrimore

Thin Stalks
(for the charleston basket weavers)

Calicoed old woman
crafter of the thin stalks
sits in cattail grasses
where the white herons walk.

Dangling her brown feet
in browner marsh waters,
she chants weaver's laments
to her eldest daughter:

"Thin child with mud-dark eyes
you are leaned by slight winds
so sway with the rushes
as the high tides come in.

Gather many rushes
in thick bundles before
the salt water rising
uncracks these dried up shores.

Stripping will be worked by
your mahogany hands,
graceful hands which slither
like snakes in these marshlands.

Weave, weave your own designs
though each basket each load
is always sold cheaply
from racks along main roads.

Light rushes, dark rushes.
Soon, you are the singer
and I a grandmother
with tired limp snake fingers.

M. T. Jackson III

Herds

Much is required
while seeing white cows browned by mud
licking a salt block
when their hides are roughed
like a hoof–marred quagmire
where old snow melts into dark ground.

M.T. Jackson III

In Hoc Signo

The preacher walks the aisle
Out into the sunlight,
And turns to shake a hundred hands:
Of feeble widows and weary old men,
Each hand so weak and cold as to betray life;
Of couples who bring their children up right,
Like their parents,
Who smile at him apologetically
For their charges outbursts.
The last formality returned
He reenters his sanctuary
And sitting in the back pew
Stares wax-like above the cross

Clouds slip into the sky,
And he stands in humanity
And walks the aisle alone.
Before the altar, he waits
Sensing the Passion in the Communion Cup,
And once reconciled,
Walks to his office.
Removing the robe like a thorny crown
Forced upon him by the unbelieving,
He views someone's dropped Bible
In the shadow of the church.
He slowly walks the hall to the door,
And moves through the rain to his car,
Crawls inside and closing his window
Isolates the temporal.

God is infinite
Therefore certain and incomprehensible.
They know that Jesus loves them
While they eat their Sunday dinner,
And mom cleans the dishes
And dad watches TV--
Stable and secure.

The preacher pulls away from the curb
And turns onto a side road.

DuBose Medlock

Faith

Ignorant of gravity,
The native lofted his apple skyward
And watched:
"The sun--god threw it back.
It must be poison."
Dropping a melon in the stream,
He watches it bob on the water:
"The water--god would not keep it.
It must be poison."
And so he starved,
Not eating the apples that fell and the melons that floated.
The foreigner came:
"Why do you not eat the apples and melons
Abundant around you
While you thin and fade?"
Staring incredulous at the heretic:
"I have faith."

The troops are drafted
To hold the border
And remain free,
And like millions before them,
Are humbled by eternity,
Dull eyes opened upward
That do not see;
While the churchmen take "His terrible swift sword"
And march on.
Those too old and young to fight grow brave
And curse those who run.
The politicians know war is good business--
Everybody is working,
The voters love the state.

The foreigner takes the apple and bites into it.
He breaks open the melon and takes away a piece,
And eats it.
"It is good.
Why do you choose to suffer and die
When this food thrives around you?"
Confronting the enemy, the native affirms:
"The gods shall maintain me.
I shall not eat your poison."

DuBose Medlock

Hero Worship

I sit taking notes
Actually getting ahead
Praising myself for my industry.
Something inside requests notice
And causes me to shift my attention
But I ignore it and return to my work.
It comes again demanding notice
Destroying the mindless complacence of study.

It is a question, simply contrived
But it spirals my head into confusion.
Why is it this way?
I want to move on
To move into your mind.
But why you?
You were never so special before.
You live over there–not far--I know where
I see you at mealtimes
A brief exchange--never more.

But one day, something in you captured my attention
A smile, a few perfect lines
The light bulb flashed on
Illuminating my discovery.
But why you?
And those like you?
It seems I only applaud those of you
Who are outstanding--and noticed.

I never applauded you until now.
Before, you were just that nice person I ran into
On campus.
And once shared an umbrella with in the rain.
Now you're something special.

I think it's hero Worship
Or my interpretation of it
That makes me so interested in you.
An people like you.
But why not more heroes?
They're out there, I know
I just can't find them
So I turn to the ones I see.

Why does everyone hide his potential?
It takes something drastic
An unexpected display of talent
A shared secret
A quiet smile
To let oneself be noticed
By an unexpectant audience.

I guess it's comfortable inside
Being anonymous is safe
And as free from criticism as from praise.

So what I call hero worship
Is my expression of thanks
To those few of you
Who are brave enough to share your selves.
And who show me it can still be done.

I recall my mind
Return to my books
But one final question remains,
Is there something in me worth sharing?

I think of you
And those like you,
I smile
And return to my books.

Kem Malony

Dream Number 3

In my bed asleep:
I'm a rabbit on the run,
The dogs have come,
And Death is not far away.
I run for my burrow
but someone has filled it with dirt.
I leap from side to side,
But the inevitable is only delayed.
My freedom is gone,
And my days of innocence are done.
I remember that this is the way it is;
To submit to Death,
To submit to,
To submit.
The way it is;
I'm not to fight the dogs,
For they have the power,
For they have,
For they.
I stop and wait for the dogs to come,
For Death's certain grip,
For Death who treats all equal.
For equal treatment once,
I beg for the dogs to come.

I toss in my sleep:
I walk in a room
And see the figure Daniel saw
In a vision from God.
Head of gold,
Silver breast and arms,
Belly and thighs of brass,
Legs of iron,
Feet of iron and clay.
I stand before the figure and say,"I am--."
The figure slapped my face,
I spit teeth,
It threw me against the wall,
My back is broken,
It jumps on my belly,
I vomit blood.
I look up and rise on my hands
And say,"I am."
It grabs me and bearhugs me.
My innards spurt out of my mouth,
It throws me on the floor and
Stamps on my throat
I can't speak anymore.
The figure folds its arms and gazes into the sky.
I lie on the floor
And decay.

I toss in my sleep:
I am the ground.
Trodden on every day,
Waste dumped on me,
And i'm used as the world's spittoon.
I'm not looked at or thought of,
I'm taken for granted
And cursed when i cause injury when someone falls.
I do not trip anyone,
But i'm hard and unyielding
And many have broken themselves on me.
I wish i could disappear
Or fail to stop someone's fall,
And maybe because i'm gone,
I will cause grief for me,
I will create concern for me,
I will find someone who cares.
But that will not happen
For i'm the ground,
The world's trash bin
And the receiver of the dead.

I awake from my sleep
And crawl from my bed
I go forth and become:
The rabbit on the run
Who waits for the dogs.
A victim of the figure's brutal beating
Who lies decaying on the floor.
The well-trodden ground
Who receives waste and the dead.

I wish i could change.
I wish i could awake.
I wish i could change.

Earl Scott

The Catch

"Ya know, I hear up at Pine Eddy they been catchin some purdy big gill," he wipes his nose on his ragged old high school football jersey. "It wadn't nothin like that last year anywhere on the Little Sandy." Ted wipes his nose again, rolls up the window and gets outa the car before he straightens his beer cap. He looks at Tim.

"Nope, I ain't been up there once yet. Just don't seem like it'd be worth much cause a last year and all." Tim still sitting on his father's Dodge pickup fixes his beer cap too.

"Come on we're goin' be late."

"What are ya worryin' bout, ya ain't been written up once since ya been here." Tim hops off the Dodge with his sack lunch and hurries to catch Ted. "Nope, I been out by Job, gotten many from that bend below the bridge. Never been up by Pine Eddy. Job's where I been goin'."

Both men walk past the office building and the gray haired security guard sitting asleep by the union entrance.

"No, no don't wake'em..." Ted grabs Tim's arm just as he starts to push the old man's hat over his face. "When ya goin' to grow up anyway?"

"Shit, daddy won't let me, says a true fisherman kéeps his boyhood manners an I'm a fisherman at heart." Tim pulls his hand away and puts his lunch sack in his other hand.

"Times been wasted. Ya ain't never growin' up if ya don't rightfully have ta. Yer ole man'll give ya just bout nearly anything ya want if ya ask for it. I think its bout time foryer daddy ta do some growin' of his own." Tim opens the door to the changehouse.

"Put my lunch in there too."

Ted takes Tim's lunch and puts it in the lunchroom refrigator. They both go through an inner door and headed down towards their lockers. People of the midnight shift pass by with a simple nod.

They change to work clothes. Tim dressed, sits his helmet on the back of his head and flops down on the bench not far from Ted. Tim sighs as if that little motion required great effort on his part. Ted finishes tying his workboots.

"Ya know I kinda wish I could just pack my stuff and git outa this place..." Tim turns to look at Ted and puts his helmet on the bench next to him,"...it ain't that I don't like it here none. I mean this is home an all, ya know how that is. My friends are here. The fishin's here."

Ted sits on the bench with his back to the lockers and one foot propped against the bench.

"Why ya wanna leave,Tim? Yer daddy'll buy ya anythin ya want. Don't tell me he ain't makin' money with them coal trucks a his. I know better than that."

"It ain't that I don't have what I want or nothin'," Tim leans back against the lockers opposite Ted and looks down at his hands already dirty from the carbon on his boots,"...it's just I always been somebody's son, brother or nephew."

"Now nobody's ever called ya Ted's nephew around here."

"Maybe ya're right Ted, but I ain't gettin nowhere either.Ten ta twenty years from now, I won't be any better off than now."

"Where you wanta go, Tim,uh? New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, Charleston? They ain't got no place to fish up there, even if they do ya gotta pay ta fish an for the fish you catch too. They fish from one big hole with ya standin' next ta somebody else. Fishin' is your life and the fish are here. Besides, if you leave ya gotta work an you ain't worked a day here."

"Shit."

"You're a fisherman."

"Yea, I kinda think you got a point there anyway. Just sometimes, a lot lately, I feel like I gotta leave just get outta here an go somewhere. Don't really know where!" Tim pauses and gazes at the lockers acoss from him. "Can't beat the fishin' though..."

"Let me tell ya, I know this man from Louisville who's got this friend of his in Nashville or Knoxville, can't remember which, but they'd get together bout three times every summer an take a few days just ta fish up by Job and Louisa."

"No.."

"Yea, yea and what else you know ends up they got a place above Fort Gay. Now they stay there."

"Where?" Tim looks at Ted with suspicion.

"Not for sure, really. Don't know 'cept its on the Sandy below Fort Gay somewhere."

Tim sneers across to Ted and leans his body forward just a little,"Thought ya said they had a place above Fort Gay."

"What? No, no. Ya just ain't listenin' boy. Clean them ears of yours. What I said was above Pikeville only near Fort Gay."

"Oh, you sure that's what you said?" He leans against the lockers."You wouldn't be trying to pull your nephew's leg would ya?"

"No not me, ya know me better than that, I'd not do that to ya."

"Yea, I know, just checkin' that's all."

Ted sets his safety helmet on his head and gets up but Tim does not move. Ted looks down at his nephew and laughs. A few seconds pass before Ted steps over Tim's legs and grabs his helmet.

"Here!" He smashes it on his head.

"Hey!"

"...Come on we got things ta do." Ted says in a tired voice.

"I been thinkin' ya really oughta go fishin' with me after work, anytime really. Ya know where ta find me. On the bend below the bridge."

They both head for the door leading to the work area.

"That's heaven to me, Ted, I mean it don't laugh!"

"I ain't, Tim. I believe ya." Ted looks at Tim and steps just short of the door and puts his hands in his pockets. Tim stops at the door and turns around.

"Go on over without me, I gotta get somethin'." Ted walks away.

"Ok, later," Tim says pushing the door open and walking out.

"He's alright," Ted says to himself as he walks back to his locker. He sits down, pauses for a moment and then reaches to turn his locker's combination.

Without warning the door bursts open and startles Ted. Another worker runs in and stops when he sees Ted.

"Oh my God, Ted...," he pauses to catch his breath,"Tim's hurt bad, real bad. Oh God!"

Ted jumps up and runs towards the door.

"He was walkin' between the front-end loader and the wall. The driver didn't see him."

Ted pushes by the man without pausing and steps in front of the door to looks out the window. Tim's body is crushed and lying on the ground with his head against the blood splashed wall. Tim was motionless.

"There ain't nothin' to be done..." the other worker rested his hand on Ted's shoulder. "It was and accident, the driver didn't see him. Tim shoulda known better, Ted," the man's voice shook, "ya can't work today so go on home, I'll tell the foreman."

Ted doesn't look at the man behind him. He lets his head fall away from the window and closes his eyes. After a moment, he heads toward his locker to change. He pushes his clothes into an old sack and collects his lunch. Putting on his beer cap, he leaves by another door leading to the parking lot. As he approaches the gate, the old guard steps out of the office building."Sorry, Ted, I heard about the accident."

"Thanks," Ted answered as he wiped his nose on his sleeve,"the boy knew better."

"Well, I sorry really sorry because I always liked him. He never bettered anybody, was a kid I'd been proud to call my own.Ted, wait a minute. Let me walk ya to your car."

"Thanks." Ted looks over at the old man. "Listen...,"Ted says as they walk to the parking lot, "I got ta thinkin just know, maybe you'd like ta do some fishin'. Ted stops near Tim's pickup. "I know this really good spot at the bend below the bridge near Job. Been my favorite spot for years," Ted says as he takes the pole and tackle from the bed of Tim's truck. Real nice spot, always fished from there. Get in and we'll run ta get your things." Ted starts the car and pulls down the road.

"Ted?"

"What."

"Ever been out by Pine Eddy?"

"No never had, what's it like?" Ted wipes his nose and looks in his rear view mirror at an ambulance pulling from the plant entrance and following them down the road. "Nope never ever been."

by Max Moore

A Woman by a Bus Stop in the Rain

"Sometimes despite the legend of my face,
I sing of love a while
beside this road in heavy weather
trodden by many for many a mile.

"She is all that is left of a lover,"
I have heard the young men say
but I gave what all women give
who have given any warmth away.

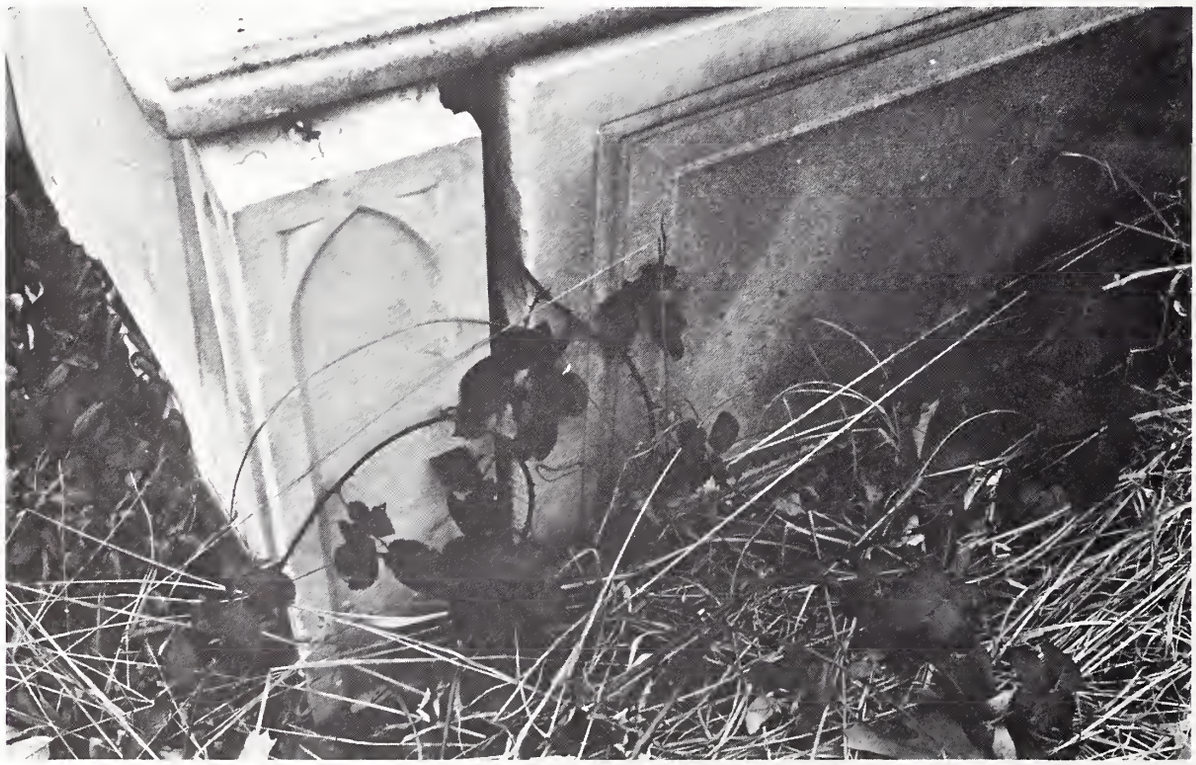
And I have taken some or much
and have slept two or alone.
I love better and even twice
since my flesh has narrowed on my bones.

Somewhere in a pine-scented drawer
in an attic of dull air,
you might find an old photograph.
There, only there, am I witherless
as the dahlia in my pictured hair."

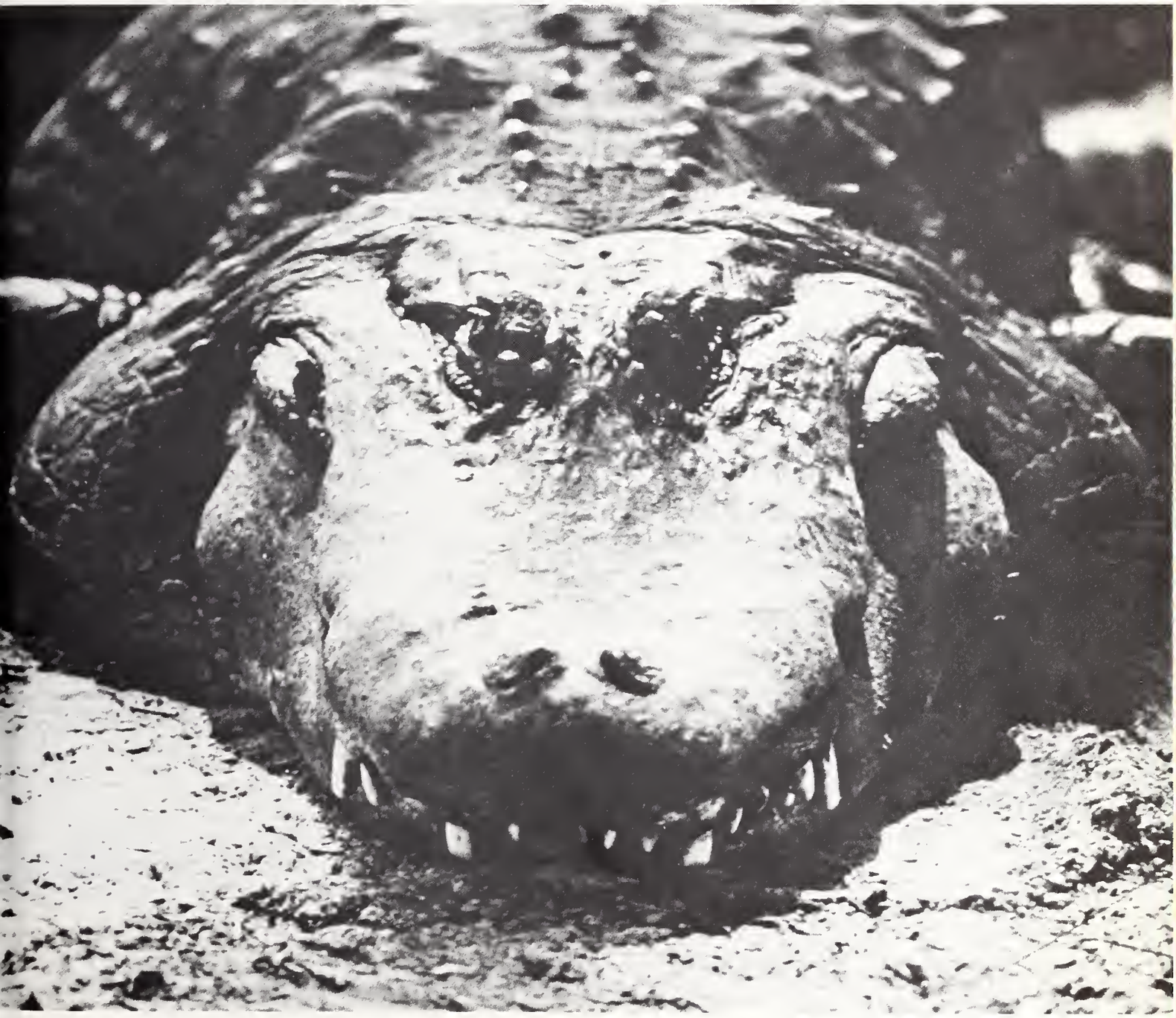
M.T. Jackson III

Lightwork

Tom Lowrimore



C.L. Abercrombie



Hudson Marvel

MaLinda Jones

Mark Olencki

PUBLIC PA

FACULTY

An Elegy For John Jenkins, Citizen

"...Unfortunately a ball passed through the residence of John Jenkins, citizen, wounding him and since causing his death." ---excerpt from a report by Col. G.M. Mitchell, Commander, Fifty–fourth Illinois Veteran Volunteer Infantry concerning the riot at Charleston, Coles County, Illinois which occurred on March 29,1864.

.....

It was unfortunate, John, that a musket ball entered your
residence and your body.
Were you surprised, John?
I wonder where the wild ball came from. Do you suppose it was
a Union soldier's gun which blasted that unfortunate piece of lead
into your home, to find its mark in your flesh?
Or would you rather it had been from a rioter's weapon?
No matter now, I guess, John Jenkins, Citizen.

Was Charleston your native place? Were you a Coles County boy,
Born and bred? Or had you come to town searching for a new life
and finding death?

Where did your sympathies lie? Were you for the Blue of Gray?
Were you young or old when that ball found you?
The military report is terse. Closed--mouthed about the life
and loves of John Jenkins, Citizen.

Did you have loved ones with you when Death came to call?
Did they mourn you and weep?
I find it sad that I don't know.
I hope they tend your plot in Charleston's graveyard.

Rest in peace, John Jenkins, Citizen.

Frank J. Anderson

Spanish Point

Against the dark and jagged headland,
The sea shrapnels silver surf.
But it is the ebb and hour of peaceful pools
In the cove at Spanish Point.

It is the hour of careful wandering
For the shell--gatherers and gulls.
As though at truce, all wander oblivious
To all but their own needs.

Stupendous as monks in meditation,
We contemplate strange, mysterious shapes.
Sea and sun stained hues are plucked
To intrigue and entrance the human eye,
To renew August delight amid November gloom.

Silent, decorous gulls ponder pool by pool.
In soft ascent, they dash
Their prize upon the rocks
And, with a Gallic gourmet's delight,
Take their meal in quiet elegance.

It is the hour of careful wandering
For the shell--gatherers and gulls.
It is the ebb and hour of peaceful pools
In the cove at Spanish Point.

Dr. Dennis Dooley

SEVEN NUT POEMS

I. Walnuts

An English walnut
accidently let fall
to a hardwood floor
or a marble hearth
sounds not unlike a ping pong ball.

I say "accidentally"
but in point of fact
you can drop one
on purpose
if you're
inclined;
if you harbor a pang
for a walnut

pong."
"ping

II. Pecans

Shaped like,
marked like,
as cunning as---
we may as well call them
the sparrows of nutdom;
then rewrite Luke accordingly:
His eye is on the least pecan,
I know he watches me and Jon.
Now sing it, Ethel!

III. Chestnuts

The trees, in early summer, set up an awful stink.
They call it casting their flambeaux.
We call it setting up an awful stink in early summer.

Later on, in August, they rain cudgels and maces.
They call them the fruits of deciduous labors.
We call them painful to step on barefooted.

By autumn
These weapons
Have dried, split open,
And lo and beholden--
The eyes of does.
And inside those:
Sweet, cheesy meat,
Fit for poets to eat.

IV. Brazil Nuts

Where brazil nuts come from,
Every schoolchild knows.

Up North they are called
Afro-American toes.

V. Macadamia and Pistachio

Pistachio: Macadamia! Macadamia!
I've brought you six caladia.

Macadamia: Pistachio! Pistachio!
You are a sly Lothario.

Pistachio: Macadamia, Macadamia,
I've also brought my camera.

Macadamia: Pistachio, Pistachio,
Another skin scenario?

Pistachio: Macadamia! Macadamia!
Your fibula! Your tibia!

Macadamia: Pistachio! Pistachio!
Your beautiful mustachio!

VI. Almonds

Look
at these
little eye-shaped
nuts.
What's
more wooden?
Yet how they sliver,
blanch, and keen
at the thought of Amandine!
Still,
Better that
than
Marzipan!

VII. Cashews

Each one is hunched up like a fetus.
Each one is a trochaic sneeze.
The word itself comes from the Tupians,
By way of the Portuguese.
In Tupi it means a sneezing fetus.

Ed Minus

Legacy

Presentational:
The gap between waking and
Sleeping is a dream.
("I think; therefore I am.") Rene Descartes 1641

Late at night the mind
Sighs as it wanders. It thinks
Of long-ago things:
("There is no universe, no human race, no earthly life,
no heaven, no hell. It is all a dream--- a grotesque and foolish
dream. Nothing exists but you. And you are but a thought--
a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought,
wandering forlorn among the empty eternities.") Mark Twain 1916

One day, I remember,
We went out, together,
And took a walk.
("Existence precedes essence. Man is nothing else but that
which he makes himself.") Jean-Paul Sartre 1946

Herb Kitson
--reprinted from The Journal March, 1968

Sawgrass Blues

Chorus:
I's born in the sawgrass, periphyton on my shoes---
Born in the sawgrass, periphyton on my shoes.
Everglades water gonna wash away my blues.

Well, my papa was a treesnail; my momma was a crocodile--
My papa was a treesnail; my momma was a crocodile.
Don't know how he did it, but mamma said he made her smile.

We pulled up some tentstakes and mightly nearly went to jail--
We pulled up some tentstakes and mightly nearly went to jail.
Oh, Dean Preston, would you come and go our bail?

Shotgun riders coming up hard on our trail--
Shotgun riders coming up hard on our trail.
If they catch us, they'll have us dead or in jail.

Coastguard's a--comin'; federal po--lice all around--
Coastguard's a--comin'; federal po--lice all around.
Trying to catch us but they couldn't run us down.

Walking Shark Valley, blisters all over my feet--
Walking Shark Valley, blisters all over my feet.
Gotta hit the Micosuckee, buy a red sausage to eat.

When you paddle out to Sable, you work so hard you could cry--
Paddle out to Sable, work so hard you could cry.
Coon's will drink your water, and you're damn sure gonna die.

Headed down to Key West, stopped at the Burger King--
We headed down to Key West, stopped at the Burger King.
The Rabbit broke down and we couldn't do a dad-burn thing.

We'll drink from our canteens, eat our granola bars--
Drink from our canteens, eat our granola bars.
Buy a can of Cutter's and sleep out under the stars.

Interim 306

Random Thoughts

I. Justice is what can be enforced.

II. Our modern paradox: too little too late or too much too soon.

III. To lose something that is not your own is to experience no loss.

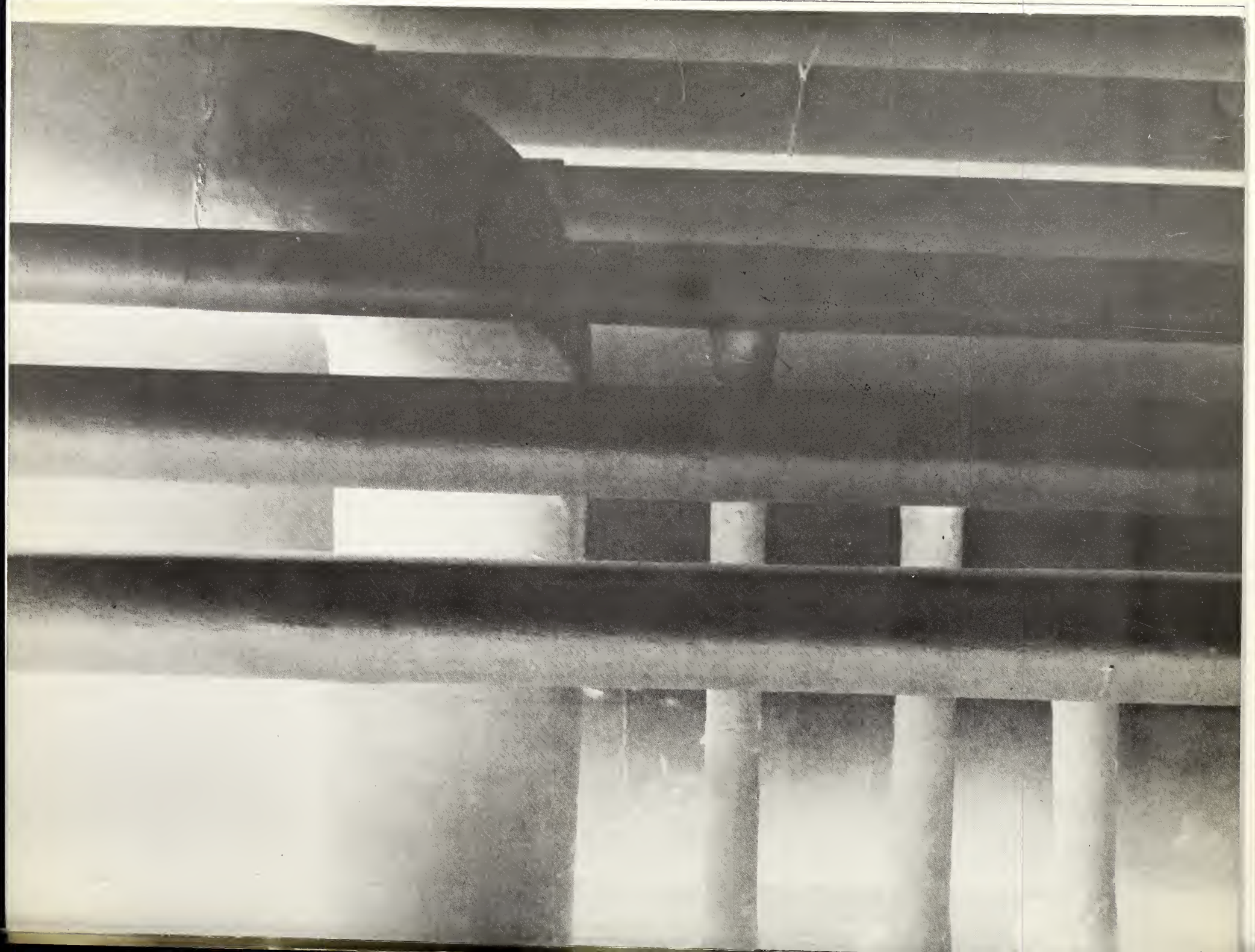
IV. Time is awareness.

V. The ultimate aphrodisiac is a woman.

VI. What's his race or religion got to do with it? He can't pitch!

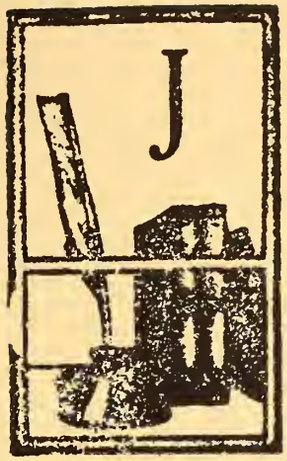
Scaramouche

The Journal is published two times during the academic year by the students and faculty of Wofford College. The magazine is supervised financially by the Publications Board. All inquiries should be addressed to The Journal P.O. 141, Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina 29301



RECEIVED

the JOURNAL
Wofford College



The Literary Magazine of Wofford College
May 1980
The 125th Anniversary of Wofford College

Editor (go'fer): Murray T. Jackson III
Liaison: Mark Olencki

TABLE OF CONTENTS

page 2 Tom Lowrimore "Late Spring" a poem
page 2 Laura Rice "Childhood" a poem
page 3 G. Gary Ballard "weekends at the house on ducan st." a poem
page 4 Murray T. Jackson III "Blessings and Curses" a poem
page 5 Dennis Dooley "Coolmeen National School" & "Coolmeen" poems
page 6 G. Gary Ballard "Angela" a poem
page 7 Murray T. Jackson III "Earth Dance" a poem
page 8,9 Scott Gould "First Hunt" a short story
page 10 Tom Lowrimore "A New York Smile" a short story
page 11 David Curry "Integrity" a short story
page 12 Reiko Kida a photograph
page 13 Drew Kelly a photograph
page 14 Hudson Marvel photographs
page 15 Scott Hunter a photograph
page 16 Drew Kelly a photograph
page 17 Robert Elam a photograph
page 17 Hudson Marvel a photograph
page 18 Scott Hunter a photograph
page 19 Chip Wood "A Short History of Love and Progress" a short story
page 20,21 Frank J Anderson "The North Slope Blues" a short story
page 22 Tammi Caskey "I Corinthians 13:11" a poem
page 22 Earl Scott "Waiting for you" a poem
page 23 Pat Wilson "Adrift" a poem
page 24 Robert Elam "Thoughts on Dr. Zhivago" a poem/prose piece
page 25 Carlene Whitney "Pine Memories" a prose piece
page 25 Tammi Caskey "Death of a Dream" a poem
page 26 G. Gary Ballard "a little consideration" a poem
page 26 David Roquemore "Untitled" a poem
page 27 David Morgan "The Balcony" a poem
page 28 Colophon

Late Spring

It must be late spring; I smell the cherry blossoms.
From the small bench in a rock garden at Kumamoto,
the old pagodas reach their four arms upward;
from their gray base past the ash of Aso.
Many Japanese couples pass by. Most of them are young
and have come with cameras to see what it was like then:
five hundred years ago, when reverence was not a labor.
They came on the fast train from Osaka, or Tokyo,
or way up north somewhere. Some wear sunglasses,
but they all tramp upon the gravel walkways of the Lord's Castle.

I think of how you once told me stories of what it was like,
when this palace was a busy place. The stories of nature,
and the stories of war.
I always wanted to speak Japanese——it seemed so sweet
upon your lips. The stories were so true when you told them.
Sitting here now they are so distant; every year tells on me.
Am I just old? Remembrances never had much to offer.
But now you suddenly spring from my past.
Such a large memory of such a small person:
I used to watch the black silk of your head as you pointed
seaward from the top of Tokyo Tower, explaining the harbor.

Recalling that I glance down at the rocks: they seem older now.
The pink: the pink of the granite is gone.
Tears from heaven must have washed the pink away from the granite.
Why have I come back to this place, to this bench, to you?
On our last day together, you cried. And I plucked petals
from the cherry blossoms to dry your cheeks.
They left you all rosey–faced and turned pure white from your tears.
I am sorry, but I should leave before you come.
I will write to explain and send cab fare.
If the granite cannot be the same, how can we?
If the beauty of the blossom fades so must we.
I am very old now and a fool.

Tom Lowrimore

third prize in the 1979–80 Helmus Poetry Contest

CHILDHOOD

Dandelions and Chinaberry Trees
Visions of Childhood
Bicycles, Skatekeys, and Skinned Knees.

Laura Rice

weekends at the house on ducan street

i remember times at the house on ducan street;
we'd pack up the house and take off for my
grandparents' every weekend.
friday nights were always special——
my dad would come home early from the bank
and mom and i would have the little,
black volkswagon loaded and ready to go.
listening to the radio, playing 'i spy' or
counting the miles along the way
to waste the time.
grandma would always be just
putting the hamburgers on the grill
when we walked through the front door,
and i'd wait hungrily for that first
bite while sitting on the white stool
watching her cook.
after supper we'd all sit around
watching black and white t.v. the red
skelton show was always my favorite,
that's when grandma'd make me
a vanilla ice cream and cola float
on saturday mornings sleeping late,
waking to the sound of crisp bacon
frying and the heavy smell of biscuits
baking; heaven thick in the air.
in the afternoons i'd play alone or
with imaginary friends in the far reaches
of the backyard, down by the apple
trees and the creek.
there was a fallen elm tree that i'd
chop on with a small axe, playing
like i was a builder.
i would run with excitement and
play with vigor; i'd swing around
the silver t–poles of the clothesline and
be scared of the little brown and white dog
that lived next door.
some weekends my dad would take me
downtown and we'd both get haircuts,
and i remember once he bought us
hamburgers, and we carried them back
to grandma's in a white sack so we
could watch a ballgame.
i remember hours spent at the kitchen table
coloring in colorbooks, listening to the radio
or always medling and ramsacking through
the nick–naks in the kitchen's desk drawers,
talking to my grandmom while rocking
in the chairs on the wooden front porch, and
listening to the lonely crickets chirp.
i used to play in a field across the road
in back of dad's cousins' house and
play games with the two young girls who lived
next door.
i remember my grandad watching lawrence
welk every saturday night; i always hated
that show. but then we'd watch ed
sullivan and i'd get to see topo gegio,
the talking mouse.
sundays were the same as saturdays
except we'd go to the small catholic church for mass,
and then come back and grandma'd
have fixed a feast.
my dad and grandad and
uncle would all sit and watch the football games;
i'd only watch if the rams played 'cause
roman gabriel was my hero.
(i guess it was just his name, but
i always though of angels).
at about five o'clock we'd start
packing up the car and then we'd eat
leftovers from the afternoon.
we'd then say our good–byes, hug and kiss
everybody, get in the car and wave.
somehow we always made it home
in time for "my favorite martian".
after which i always took my bath and
went to bed, anticipating dreams
and seeing my friends at kindergarden next morning.
i still remember good times in the house on ducan st.
it's such a shame that it's not like it used to be,
sometimes now i wonder just where the dreams
have all gotten to.

G. Gary Ballard
second prize in the 1979–80 Helmus Poetry Contest

Blessings and Curses
(life is nonsense and peace, madness and dreams)

I.
Honeysuckle vines hang from the riverbank
like a tangled cork and line cut by wild, impatient boys
ankle–deep in the mud near the cyprus roots. Snagged,
their worm–baited hook is left to rust
through the seasons of the river.
Their cane poles, torn from a stand of green bamboo,
become barbaric spears thrust at imaginary fish
unseen in the dark water. A shirt
untied from a thin waist, baring thin sunburned shoulders
is thrashed as a futile net.
No catches strung on their willow reed stringer.
No nimble fish dropped back into the water,
dropped from fin–cut fingers.
No boys dry as when they came to fish
in the first light at dawn.
Laughter, only laughter....

II.
All afternoon I have thought about the oaring of a boat
by a fisherman black as old bark
with arms sharply veined with wrists quick and sure
drifting and casting
to bream beds in the shadows of trees.
His beard, gray moss tangled, caught the evening breeze.
A bootlace dangles his day's catch of bream and bass
some a hand's length while others are bits for bait.
His small oar, a rough splintered plank, swirls
beside his trailing line waiting for a last catch.
Withered leaves sink in the boat's wake....

III.
It rains too much in January and the land at this college
slowly erodes towards the railroad tracks, grass not rooted
long enough or deep carried in silted rivulets––small rivers.
Tonight, the first hard frost chills young saplings
planted to hold the soil that will not hold
but shifts to the rhythmic creeping of groundwater.
I pass this winter with a fisherman's patience
while across the street
a distance of no more than the width of a shallow river,
there are houses raised on concrete blocks;
houses with black smoke rising from dry wood
gathered by the women in the vacant backlots of old buildings;
houses where sly men sell bootleg liquor;
houses with worn chairs along the porches
in the shade of one less front yard oak tree
cut for firewood. The rope swing once tied to the tree
lost its wooden seat.

"Blessings and curses," a friend philosophized
after our third pitcher of beer at a local bar
where graffiti is scrawled by the urinal:

"End my sorrow while the night is black
and lay my head on the railroad track.
Let that sweet 2:09
ease my weary, troubled mind."

"Curses and blessings," he laughed as we staggered to the car.

The only rain at 3:00 a.m. dripped from the leaves,
wheels on the tracks, a low horn....
the last train was late.

IV.

The snow by early spring remains
behind trees and in the shadows of stones
when I walked by the river in the rain
without a destination nor wanting one.

On a high field where the river swells
thick with debris in spring floods,
I found storm–swept boats and turtle shells
and touching these heard whispers rise in my blood:

whispers like pigeons startled from the hulls
of wrecked boats; like vague mists in the field
vanishing into the cool, indifferent morning;
whispers like dreams.

Murray T. Jackson III
first prize in the 1979--80 Helmus Poetry Contest

Coolmeen National School
(for Michael Lynch 1853–1934)

The wind off the Atlantic
Sweeps up the Shannon,
Rushes across the glen
To hurl itself at Behan's shebeen
And the small, gray schoolhouse
Where a lovely, gentle young girl
Presides without hope.

There that fierce,stern old man
Ruled for forty years.
Against the wind, the Castle
And two–hundred years of shame,
He stood firm.
Willow and catechism his only weapons
And a mad love for learning
His final courage.

What need of sums or latin
Had those poor scholars
Whose heritage was much rock
And a little soil?

After mass, there are a few he taught
And all know his legend,
For he is a wonder still.
They come shyly, with quiet pride.
For the great–grandson of the Master
Is himself a Professor.

And I am struck
That foolishness runs in families.

Dennis Dooley

Coolmeen
(for Michael Lynch 1888–1940)

Sure God, they fled it,
Clare and its windy acres
Of stone, bog and gorse,
Fit only for hare and fox,
A papless, cat–tongued old whore.

He fled, whom I never knew,
Only an image in a photograph,
A slight, lovely man, with large hazel eyes.
Yet I feel him in her
Gentle accent and quiet touch.

And returning home, I am astonished
At their simple beauty
Risen amidst gray desolation.
Was it grace's chance,
Or sheer human perversity?

Dennis Dooley

ANGELA

you sat––pissing
time away
"it doesn't matter anyhow,"
in the dark stench
of the rotting outhouse,
laughing.

i stood near the back
porch,
the grass underfoot wavering
wanting.

i thought of nothing,
even the future.

above, heaven blue ran on
dociled–
forever fresh
wearing its age– well
enough.

often, i did not laugh at
all–but you– the jokes,
vertigo in my heart.
thick.
warm.

as i bask in the
secure
glow of mid-day
june-flies shrilled
music– echoing
my ears;
salt water streaks glazed
my checks, beads my
forehead.

the wind-soft hesitated through
maple,
oak,
sweetgum-cajoling a mockingbird's
essence
into its grasp
into my soul.

the hinges
(asleep for who knows.) yawned
as you stepped into the moment;
i scanned your face
searching for clues–savoring
the wedlock of our eyes–your
smile
truth,
happiness?

laughing again,
turning––racing
through the tall grass sea
homeward,
over the hill
climbing the gate.

down the dirtroad
you were first
up the steps and in.

"beaten again."

but the whole of summer,
my sister
my sharer
my friend
we enjoyed company.
life.
a moment ours,
time.

but now?
only memories

you've stopped the race
stopped winning.
and time?
nothing.

yet within me
you run still exuberant;
it is late summer
again,
your dark golden hair flowing–
i smile,
and laugh once more
thinking about tomorrow.

G. Gary Ballard

Earth Dance

There are far fields in Horry County
farther than you can go before nightfall
and so wide you cannot see the forest
or hear the owls' call.
The earth dance is in these fields
in the blackness of the dark soil
and in the seeds each harvest yields.
I shiver like a wind-battered scarecrow
as the dance quickens in the twitching pulse
of my body. My earth dancing will come to pass
down backcountry roads
edged with meadow grass
and beneath a chimney jutting from a burnt barn.
A year ago late autumn, a brush fires ashes
burned through the windows like the last light
at sunset, burning late
and leaving this Sunday place for barn revivals
to gatherings of field grasses and to me.
Shadows cast by the moon stray
across the dirt and ashes
like moon-struck people singing,
clapping, swaying like trees sway
frenzied by a storm, children cry...
I search for dry wood and pray for a girl
who once saw in such shadows
generations of tribes
chanting fertility rites
over the flayed and burning thighbones of bulls.
The earth dance lives in the clutch of her legs,
in the history of her womb,
and there is no ending as da
as dancers breed dancers.

.....I have seen a scarecrow animated
by storm winds tear open his sun-faded shirt
and dangling pants to spread his grain seeds
across plowed acres. Crows came to feed
and to build nests of grain stalks
in the hollows of his bared chest.....

She walks along the furrows as she has all year,
moist moon-glinted soil stirs at her stepping
and her breath is a wind of warm beer.
She kindles the fire, kindles my arms
thin as young birches and sees storms gathering
in far clouds black as roof beams from the barn
When the storm shakes the distant trees,
our limbs do not lie still
as we love, a seed planter and she implanted,
both drunk on a stronger brewing of stormier weather.

Murray T. JacksonIII *(for T.R.S. the better dancer)*

FIRST HUNT by Scott Gould

first place in the 1979–80 short story contest

I.

His mind was awake long before the night gave up to early grayness. His joints and muscles, still in the stupor of sleep, were still separate and jolted into life only when he stood stretching on the cold wood floor of the house. It was December and the hardwood planks had shrunk slightly with the brisk dry air of winter, serving not only as a border between ground and people but as a reminder of the outside—the cold. Still this morning he did not feel any chill. It was a morning he had lived for six months(the six months since his brother, Thomas, had promised him a hunt.) A hunt with the men. He was twelve now and Thomas said a good deer hunter began at twelve and was complete by twenty.

He slid into his britches, new Mesquite pants, a Christmas gift. ("I can't have my little man in the woods without the right clothes now can I?" his mother said.) His father said Mesquite pants were good for a hunter. Said they protected him from the briars and barbed wire. He tucked the red flannel into the waist and tugged his belt into the last hole. He felt tall–taller at least in these clothes. He was dressed exactly right just like the man on the calender in his room. The man was poised(during November) unflinching and bearing down on a tremendous buck. He was dressed just right. He walked quickly to breakfast.

The room was filled with movement. Thomas was in and out of the door with other hunters who carried guns and bundles and boxes. "You 'bout ready? We gotta hurry. Almost five thirty." Michael nodded, scared to speak too loudly too early. "Oh yeah, it rained a little last night. That'll help," he added over his shoulder as he half ran to the outer screened–in porch.

Michael sucked down a roll and milk and half ran just like Thomas had outside. The bright cold bit his face and tightened his cheeks where he had splashed some water earlier. He moved his jaw down and sideways to stretch his face back to normal size. It was gray out, whitened with mists still mingling with the red oak and the loblolly. The grayness shocked every other color into view and defined it only as a winter morning can with the hollyberry and the evergreens.

"Thomas, we still huntin' or drivin'?" He'd heard the question before and he pushed his eyebrows together in mock concern and maturity. a hunter's question–he'd heard it plenty of times before.

"Still huntin'. Get in and let's go We ain't got time to sit here," Thoma replied not noticing how his brother nodded and agreed with his decision as if he approved of the choice. They both climbed into Thomas' car–his hunting car– an old '65 Chevy which had an uncanny ability to search out unseen potholes and trees which grew half in the road and half in the forest.

As they bounced towards Thomas' stand, Michael drifted into the fantasy world that silence breeds. He saw himself perched between the forks of a stark oak neatly shouldering his weapon. The gun grew out of his shoulder like a third arm, his finger likewise extended and grew on the trigger. His eye was screwed into the scope, the crosshairs intersecting the shoulder of a buck. ("Take a deep breath and let it out slow to steady your pulse; then squeeze, squeeze the trigger," his father had instructed him over and over.) A shot, a kick, but his eye never left the scope. The shell parted the fine brown hair, ripped through and exited on the opposite flank; Michael watched through the scope as the animal lurched and fell with his legs moving mechanically to scratch small furrows in the forest dirt.

"You won't get buck fever, eh?" Thomas yelled over the hum of the heater.

"I feel fine–ain't sick," Michael answered, not quite sure if the fever was good or bad for a hunter to have.

Thomas spat into a cup. "Buck fever is the feeling you get when you look through the sights at that butt–head. When you shake with fever and your heart gets in you ears and you can't breathe 'cause your breathings so hard."

Michael puffed his chest, "I can handle it, Dad says I got a real steady hand. I'll be O.K. I will." He was trying to convince Thomas and himself.

"Whatever you say–you know best," Thomas said, smiling as he remembered his first shot, a shot that hit nothing or at least nothing on the deer. "Jus' remember that if you miss we gonna trim that pretty shirt a bit."

"I know, I've heard." He knew the customs. If you miss a deer, your shirttail gets cut— sort of a signal flag of human failing.

But when the first buck is dropped, you get the blood smeared all over your face. (Part of the conquered spread over the conquerer.) The customs he knew; how the deer is hung, suspended and the knife disappears and slides silently to release the warm steaming odor of entrails. The older hunters plunged their hands in the still pulsing organs and cackle like animals. They pin the hunter down and spread the smelly insides on the face of the killer, annointing him, welcoming him into a fraternity–ritualizing him. Screaming and howling, they throw body parts at him–with him grin–

ning, glowing in the stench and revelry.

II.

Thomas had his own personal tree stand as did many of the experienced and seasoned hunters. Ir was elevated, resting in the triad forks of a looming, naked sycamore about twelve feet in the air. Six wooden two by four steps led to the planked platform which this morning would bear two hunters.

Michael scurried up the steps like a young, anxious squirrel that just learned of his tree climbing abilities. He silently cussed himself for his burst of excitement as Thomas came next with the rifle draped over his shoulder.

"Now don't move no more. Move your eyes but don't move your head," He laid the rifle between them. The sun was beginning to escape ray by ray from the eastern sun. The trees across the unkept beanfield held each ray, diffracting it into a single shining, glistening on the December dew which still lay on the green rows. The cold was beginning to seep from the semi–rotted flooring to the seat of his new pants.

"Thomas, " he whispered, his breath puffing in visible mists,"Thomas, how I....I mean when it happensm how will I.'

"You'll know. It's like a lot of things–you jus' know. Instinct, you jus' point and shoot, bang, he's down and out. You'll know what to do. It'll feel right–you'll know."

"But if I miss?"

"Damn, don't think about missin. Now look....and be quiet!"

Thomas and he relaxed some, leaning against two of the three trunks, breathing quietly through their noses in tiny jets of steam. The reclined between them in a similar repose, seemingly waiting as they were for movement and action. They had their hands in down–filled pockets. Even though the sun was steadily rising in the trees across the beanfield, the cold of the dawn lingered in the air, still biting their noses and ears.

They were both fighting boredom and the cold when Thomas cracked his chapped lips on the side of his mouth nearest Michael and hissed quietly,"Look at the edge of the field."But Michael had already seen it and had frozen into the same stone–like stare.

From the grays and darker grays across the beanfield emerged a doe, brown and thick form the cold winter. The doe slowly and methodically scanned the field than bent from the hip to grab a mouthful of bean and weed. Then slowly the doe raised and looked over the field again, sniffing the air which was stale and heavy from the rain the night before. Another bend and pluck and another glance and sniffing, then the doe walked three nonchalant steps into the shin–high beans.

"See what she's doin'?" Thomas breathed out the side of his mouth. "She's makin' sure its O.K. for the buck to come out. He's back there lookin' himself.

The doe made a slight turn towards the briars and brush and they began to part. A rack of antlers became super–imposed on the background–tan on gray. The head was tilted back slightly to keep the horns free from the maze of vines and brambles; slowly and confidently the buck walked into the green field. Without caution but with aloofness, he bent and began to chew on the planted bait.

"Damn, I'll bet he goes ten. twelve points," Thomas whispered, his voice vibrating with excitement. Michael did not move. He had not moved since the doe began her scope of the field. His neck was beginning to ache. "Get the gun," his brother said.

He reached for the rifle, his hand separate and moving while his eyes and the rest of his body remained focused on the feeding pair. He blinked and realized his eyes were dropping tears from staying open so long. The barrel was cold; so was the stock. He began to pull the gun to him slowly while keeping his eyes on the buck. Once the buck raised his neck and Michael froze, his nostril quivering to control his breathing. Finally, the buck continued to eat; Michael raised the gun to his shoulder.

He cradled the gun in his left hand, resting that elbow on his bent knee. The scope came to his eye. Quartered and framed in the crosshairs, he saw the buck in detail.

He was fairly old–his coat a dull, tan intermingled with flecks of white and gray yet for his age he still had good muscle tone. His flanks rippled and twitched with a spasm as if they were ready to burst into frenzied movement in a second. Michael moved the scope slightly right and saw the rigid neck; slightly more and he could see the gray beard. Suddenly, the deer raised up. His tail jumped erect and his entire framed head tensed.

Thomas was at his ear,"Shoot dammit! He's gonna break, shoot!" His breath was coming in short hot blasts. Michael's hands were dry, steady as he looked in the scope. The buck was looking at him blinking and sniffing the air. " For Christsakes, will you shoot the sonuva bitch!" Thomas' subdued shouting was hitting him on the face fogging the scope slightly. It echoed in his ear,"Shoot,damn you shoot!"

The doe leaped into the woods, but the buck stood fast, unflinching now. Michael ran the scope up his neck to the top of his rack. He saw the blazed oak tree behind and just above the antlers. "Take a deep breath and let it out slow to steady your pulse; then squeeze, squeeze the trigger." His father had instructed him over and over. "Dammit, shoot! Blow him away!" Thomas was screaming now. He leveled the cross–hairs. They were steady and unmoving. He was breathing slowly and evenly as he squeezed the trigger and sent the slug screaming into the blaze just above the deer's head.

III.

The Chevy jostled along the two worn out ruts as Thomas half yelled above the drone of the engine. "Well, I guess you ain't the first sometime somebody's let buck fever get the best of 'em. You musta jerked right at the last. A little bit high."

"Yeah, right," Michael grunted, feeling his shortened shirttail, thinking how the buck walked quietly back into the woods while the crack and recoil of the rifle still echoed across the beanfield.....

A NEW YORK SMILE

by Tom Lowrimore

second prize in the 1979–80 short story contest

I guess she had Irish ears like she had Irish words. at any rate we couldn't seem to tell her that we only wanted two cokes and a glass of water. She stared at us as if our accents were beyond belief. and then served three cokes which we paid for, reluctant to correct her error.

The counter that surrounded her on three sides was empty except for the three of us, who continued talking about the plays we had seen that afternoon. The way her feet were pressed to the floor, it was easy to see that she had spent the afternoon within the confines of the small sandwich shop in Grand Central Station. I studied her face with interest because the theatre talk no longer attracted me. She stared at my friends as if her looking at them would help interpret the heavy Southern accents they spoke with. Only occasionally would her glance fall on me, then I would quickly look down into the dark soda. The first time I nearly spilled it with a sudden movement of my hand in response to her studious look.

Her eyes were kind, but prying. When Walt asked for a napkin, she moved silently over the tiled floor, and I watched her small figure, studying her hips as she bent low. Attractive, and in her late thirties, I tried to figure out what part of New York she lived in. This had become a game with me since I was a stranger and any guess was almost surely wrong.

As she handed over the napkin, I noticed that there were no rings on her left hand. This stirred my interest because the only unmarried people I had met so far lived on Christopher street.

Boldly and out of character, I asked where she lived and she named a section of the city I was unfamilar with. My friends stopped talking and we all looked bewildered. She explained that it was near Yonders, to the north. We recognized Yonkers and explained that we were staying with friends in White Plains. When I mentioned that we were really from South Carolina, a broad smile came to her face. She seemed to have a renewed interest and said that she had noticed our accents. Leaning on the counter, she bent far enough for me to see that her blonde hair fell just beyond the shoulder blade of her back. Her hair was straight and she ran two fingers through a small lock to guide it back over her ear as she asked how far we had come. I anticipated the question and told her that we had come about 750 miles to New York. She seemed quiet and I almost laughed at he silence. I didn't think it was far since the U.S. is four times that wide but I made no comment. When she explained that one day she and her sister had gone to Brighton Beach, I immediately began to wonder what Ireland was like and to imagine the green hills of the Emerald Isle. But when she added that they had taken the bus there and back in one one afternoon when there was no school, I remembered the signs I had seen on the way to Kennedy Airport.

I looked into my coke and thought about how far away home really was. I had come a long way and yet her ride of thirty miles seemed just as far to her. I wondered if the two of us were really that different. Her recollections of the sand and cold salt water seemed just as vivid as do mine of the office towers and museums. She remembered passing through Brooklyn and I remembered the ride through Virginia. While first on the beach, her feet were not a sure support among the moving sands. I had found it easy to become lost in crowded lobbies and theatre lines. The more I thought about it, the more we were alike yet we had little in common.

As we left the shop, I turned at the door to watch her wipe the counter clean. She paused and raised her head in theought. Slowly a smile moved her lips and she seemed satisfied. With that, I found it easier to leave.

INTEGRITY by David Curry

third prize in the 1979–80 short story contest

My legs move mechanically, pushing me ever further into the darkness and remind me of running cross country in high school. I had never been very good, but how I remember the last mile, my legs moving me forward without any effor of will, almost as if they were separate entities to which I was inexplicably tied. That is how I feel now running through this God–forsaken wilderness without even the light of the moon to guide my way. My body tingles numbly with fear, my clothing is torn and ripped to shreds and my breathing rasps hollowly, pathetically laboring to fill my lungs with life–giving air. Christ, I can hear them behind me, God, help me move more quickly, God, don't let my strength fail me now.

My left leg (or is it my right?) suddenly tangles in something unseen on the ground and I sprawl upon humus, filling my mouth with dirt and decaying leaves. Slowly, painfully, I force myself up and once again plod onward. Spitting, I find I have no saliva and my body itches where the forest floor sticks to the sweat which pours freely off my skin. Can't they see I had to do it? Can't they see it was that or leave him here in this fucking forest to die anyway, alone? But now I'm going to die too. I know they will catch me eventually and take their revenge. Christ, I can't run much further! What...is that them I hear up in front of me? Is it? I can't tell, my ears are ringing with the pain in my body and in my soul. Have I been running in circles like a rabbit chased by a hound? Will the hound chase me until I collapse, weak, helpless upon the ground to be killed while my lungs still gasp for air?

Wait. There seems to be a light up ahead. If I can speed up from my shambling gait perhaps I can find sanctuary. Each step sends shots of lightning through my lungs and heart and with each step I expect to collapse. Once and for all, I would collapse only to lie helplessly and hopelessly to await my fate. But I keep my footing. I stay up and keep moving. The light is in the clearing, not too far, maybe a fire, maybe someone will help me, hide me. Maybe I won't have to die!

I stumble raggedly into the clearing,my strength almost exhausted. The light comes from a cabin with its door left open and a latern's light piercing the dark. With a renewed effort of will, I drag myself closer, closer until I stand at the threshold. God, how inviting it is...God...but wait...Oh Jesus, Holy Jesus, I couldn't be back here! It is impossible, dear Lord, it is not possible!

There is his body, with the legs smashed to a pulp by the boulder which trapped him just two days ago. And the small holes, six of them, the products of my ingeniousness. Three in the head, three in the heart. I had to be sure he was dead, you see, I had to be sure.

Whats that?...Outside?... Oh fucking Christ, where so I hide, there is no where to hide. Where do I run now? Jesus, I don't want to die, shot down by his brothers for a crime I was compelled to commit. It was an act of mercy, don't you see, I couldn't get him out of here without help, it was an act of mercy, God knows I'm not responsible, I had to do it, Oh my God, no, stay away, please let me explain, I'm not ready to die, I'm not ready to die, Christ Lord Almighty, I'm just not.

Lightwork

PHOTO BY REIKO KIDA

PHOTO BY DREW KELLY

first prize in the 1979-80 photography contest

PHOTOS BY HUDSON MARVEL

second prize in the 1979-80 photography contest

PHOTO BY SCOTT HUNTER

third prize in the 1979-80 photography contest

PHOTO BY DREW KELLY

PHOTO BY ROBERT ELAM

PHOTO BY HUDSON MARVEL

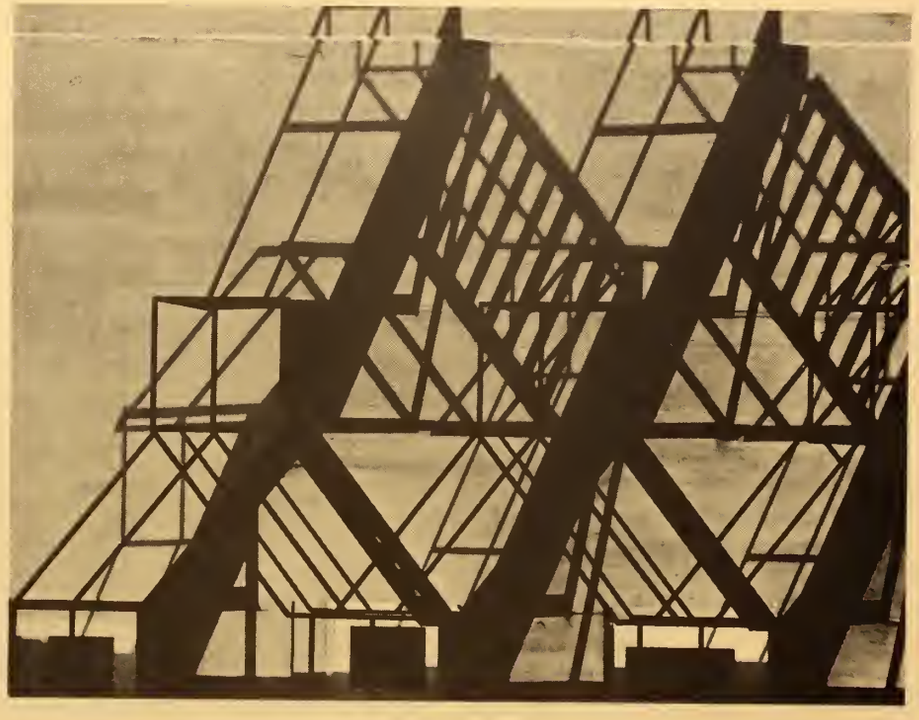


PHOTO BY SCOTT HUNTER

A SHORT HISTORY OF LOVE AND PROGRESS by Chip Wood

The store was in the City of the South. The store was in Atlanta, and it was right in the middle on Peach Street. The owners called it,'The Secular City' and it did indeed deserve the name. The Secular City was a big store that sold everything worthy of being sold. And it was youthful. It had a youthful slogan:"For all those people who love the youth in life." And so it appealed to many, the old and the young alike. It appealed to those who enjoyed the youth in life, and life, everyone thought, was full of it.

The Secular City in Atlanta had the design that was youthful. It played rock, and it played Willie, and it played the ever–popular bluegrass, and it played more rock for this was the music of the youthful. Muzac was never played for it was uncool. The store sold contemporary merchandise. It sold designer clothes, designer shirts and designer jeans and Levi's. It sold all the best albums (no 45's) . The Secular City sold T–shirts with rockers on the front and a sunset on the back. And it sold outdoor equipment. It sold hiking boots and tents and sleeping bags insulated to 40 below, fancy backpacks and down vests. It was alos the suthorized distributor of L.L. Bean. The Secular City sold ASA 400 color print film, flashes and AE-1's with autowinders.

The clerks played their parts well. Blue jeans, tennis shoes and ties. The girls (no ladies, just pretty girls) wore nice shirts or slacks with a blouse and maybe a sweater–a little makeup. They all looked so cheerful, good looking and intelligent. They were on top of youth. They were on top of fashions, fads, music, current trends, politics, and like the store were cool and contemporary.

But in the cosmopolitan world of The Secular City, there was a simple sort of stockboy named Ernest. Ernest was not from the city but was from the sticks deep in the South. The clerks handled a large part of the stock, the light merchandise, so Ernest worked alone. He was the only stockboy needed and he enjoyed his work. He was a happy, simple sort of fellow. From the start though, Ernest knew he did not fit in with the rest of the people at The Secular City. He dressed with taste, his hair was not short nor was it really long, his appearance was not one of deliberate care like the clerks. He did not speak like they did either. He spoke without attempting to use words that were not natural for for he was a simple, nice sort of fellow from the outskirts of The Secular City

But Ernest was also handsome in his own way. All the clerks knew that the official "uniform" of The Secular City would not look right on Ernest and never expected him to look like them. They were cool and contempory. The girls noticed him, however, and during their breaks wold chat about his manners, his solid build and his poilte–ness. He interested them because he was fresh and new, unique and unclaimed by The Secular City.

One of the add-a bead clerks was more aware of Ernest than the others. Ellen was one of the most popular girls at the store and was drawn to Ernest. Ernest noticed her too and enjoyed talking to her. After a while, he took her to the movies–the great stand-by for any boy who doesn't know where to take a cute girl except parking. And they had a good time and wanted to see each other more often.

It was hard for the clerks to imagine that Ellen, one of the nicest, best-dressed girls at the store would date Ernest. Oh, of course, Ernest was a nice guy but for Ellen to date him was, heh wow, unreal. There seemed little hope for the two strange lovers.

And they had their problems. Their life-styles were too different. Ellen seemed to enjoy going hunting and fishing with Ernest but it was just not her style. And the places she liked mystified him. "This just isn't me, he would think when he saw all those alligators and add-a-beads. But it was part of Ellen's life and part of The Secular City and Ellen was the best looking girl in the store. And to Ellen, Ernest was different too. He was not made of the same stuff.

And so the two, the old and the new, city and non-city, could not be bridged. They stopped seeing each other and went on with their lives. One with pink ribbons and skirts and shirts and graceful lines. The other made of the earth, with an appearance like the woods and water, like something homemade. It was all in ernest, all brand new.

And The Secular City lived on. The management had noticed Ernest's peculiar attractiveness and came to the conclusion that major changes were needed in the store. They like Ernest's homegrown look and decided to market it. They sold the clothes Ernest liked and the clerks dressed like him and the look caught on. The out–door sales boomed. Used brogans were sold rather than fancy hiking boots. Nylon jackets went out the window. And stero sales lagged as everyone wanted to make his own music. And the new look was a success and this was all very good.

And Ellen and Ernest were there too for awhile, until they were fired. Ellen would not conform to the new dress code for she was a real add-a-bead girl and could not change. Ernest was let go due to progress. The stock was handled by computer so there was rarely a large amout of stock to be put up at one time.

And so the Secular City thrived, and Ellen found a nice job at a dress shop and Ernest went back to the out–skirts from whence he had come.

THE NORTH SLOPE BLUES by Frank J. Anderson

The building is an old, concrete block structure, with peeling paint, located in a run–down neighborhood. It was once an automobile repair garage. Parking is available in the former used car lot next to the building. The overhead entry door is open, providing a glimpse of large dimly lit interiors. Above the doorway hangs a newly painted sign proclaiming, NEW SOUTH ART SPACE.

Visitors arrive and shuffle through the pot–holed, crumbling blacktop parking lot. As the people pay for their tickets they are given a section of a newspaper and a large brown paper grocery bag filled with styrofoam pellets, balls, and peanuts––the sort of stuff which is used for packing in mailing cartons. The bags have been torn down the side and then sloppily re–paired with scotch tape, making it inevitable that some of the styrofoam will escape.

The audience bunches up inside the entrance to allow their eyes to adjust to the dim lights while they survey the scene. The building is about thirty feet wide and sixty feet long. It has been casually cleaned, and the odor of drain oil and engine exhaust fumes lingers. The exposed metal trusses forming the roof structure soar a good fifteen feet above the floor. A net containing inflated blue rubber baloons is suspended between two of the roof trusses. Four large electric fans are ranged inside along the width of the entry wall. They have blades about three feet long which are enclosed in wire cages. Two of them are box type fans which are set on the floor, and two are on pedestal stands about five feet above the floor. The only light comes from a single, naked 100 watt light bulb, that is suspended from a wire at the midpoint of the building.

The room is barren of chairs, benches, or other provisions for seating. The audience, after a bit of confusion, realizes that the newspapers they had been given are for them to spread out on the floor and sit upon. Gradually, they arrange themselves, clutching their clumsy broken bags of styrofoam pieces and managing to spill some of it. There is muttering and chattering which echoes and reechoes throughout the gloomy cavern.

At the far end of the building, a makeshift movie screen made of a large piece of soiled, white canvas is suspended by ropes from one of the roof tresses. It sags and flaps languidly in the air currents. On the floor, in front of the screen, there is a small wooden platform which is raised up about a foot off the floor.

Other than the restlessness of the audience, nothing seems to be happening. Then gradually one can hear a moaning sound. The sound rises in intensity then falls, then rises again and falls again. Realization seeps through the audience as they recognize it is the recorded sound of a windstorm. A cold, wintry blizzard–type of windstorm. The door is closed to exclude the outside light; the overhead light is extinguished. The audience huddles apprehensively in the darkness as the moaning of the storm continues. One of the floor fans is started and current of air begins to assault the seated people. Some turn up their coat collars, fold their arms over their chests and dig their hands into their armpits.

NANOOK OF THE NORTH begins to be projected onto the screen. There is no sound and the print of the movie is scratched. The projection lamp being used is low powered and yellowish. The film images may be only dimly perceived on the non–reflective trembling surface of the canvas screen.

The moaning wind song continues.

A pale blue spotlight bathes the empty platform. This continues for two minutes then a strobe light directed at the same area does its flickering job. Nanook may be seen on the screen paddling his kayak in a heavy sea. A team of yapping dogs pulling a dog sled steered by a man dressed in Eskimo parka and mukluks crosses the platform. The man shouts encouragement to his dogs.

Nanook is creeping across the ice, rifle in hand, stalking a seal.

Two oilfield roughnecks, wearing cowboy hats and boots, appear in the light. They converse and the words Texas and Oklahoma are heard. They drink from a bottle of whiskey, and after shouting a few obscenities, disappear from view.

Nanook is butchering a seal.

Little Liza runs across the stage and glances fearfully behind her. A shawl covers her head and she clutches it around her. Hot on her heels. Simon Legree in black hat, black clothes, black boots, flowing black mustache, and swinging a black whip runs across the stage shouting something that can't understood.

The moaning of the wind continues.

Another floor fan is turned on. A few bits of styrofoam are blown up to the platform area and collect on the bottom edge, forming a small drift. An Eskimo appears on the platform with a large chunk of bloody seal blubber in one hand and a viciously sharp knife in the other. He holds the blubber between his teeth and cuts a piece off with the knife, barely missing his nose, all the while making grunting and smacking noises.

Nanook is caught in a blizzard.

The audience begins to dribble some of the styrofoam bits onto the floor. The styrofoam skitters across the floor and piles up in a drift at the base of the platform. Little Liza, minus her shawl and with her dress partly open, runs across the stage. Simon Legree, hatless, coat–less and whipless stomps after.

Nanook is in agony as he fights the blizzard and searches for his igloo home.

The oilfield roughnecks and the blubber eating Eskimo appear on the stage. The roughnecks trade their whiskey to the Eskimo for his knife and blubber. The Eskimo drinks from the bottle. The roughnecks cut the blubber and eat it while making grunting and smacking noises. The styrofoam drift gets higher than the platform and pieces of it skitter across the stage to pile up along the back wall and begin a new drift. The moaning sound of the storm continues but one can now hear barely distinguishable voice of a woman singing. Gradually the storm subsides and the woman's voice dominates. It is the voice of Aretha Franklin singing the national anthem.

The dogsled with the Eskimo and the roughnecks as passengers appears on stage. The three men are laughing and slapping each other on the back. They face the audience, roar out a bawdy song, and throw serpentine tape out into the audience. The audience throws it back at the players. Shills on the outside edges of the audience throw more serpentine across the room. Everyone is entangled, active, and shouting. It is raucous for a minute or two.

Nanook staggers through the blizzard weighted down with his rifle and the slaughtered seal.

Aretha gets into high gear.

Little Liza in her underwear begins to crawl across the stage. Simon Legree in his underwear begins to crawl across the stage from the opposite direction. They meet at midstage, disrobe each other and begin to make love. The speed of the fans increases and styrofoam begins to pile up around Little Liza and Simon Legree.

Nanook finally reaches his igloo and is greeted by his family who grab at the seal blubber.

The sound is up full blast as Aretha hits, "The La-a-a-n-nd of the Fuh–ree and the Home of the Brave." Additional strobe lights are dircected to flash on the audience. The net, full of baloons is dropped and the balloons cascade onto the audience who fight them off. All of the fans are turned up to high speed blowing styrofoam, paper bags, balloons, bits of clothing and a few weak spectators up against the back wall. There is confusion and violent screetching and cursing from the audience

Suddenly all is calm and quiet. The sound is off. The lights are out.The screen is dark. The platform is dark. The fans are off and a hush falls inside the building. This continues until the audience gets restless and begins to get up to leave. Their departure is stayed by a noise of stentorian trumpet fanfare. After a while a slide, in high intensity blue and yellow letters is projected on the screen. It reads, ***"The North Slope Blues was a presentation of New South Art Space...."***

I CORINTHIANS 13:11

"When I was a child, I spoke as a child..."
We used to climb trees
and play ball in the street.
We dug tunnels into hills
and threw rocks at trains
and at each other.
We were mean and rough
but we had fun
only a child can create.
We laughed and fought
over who would be captain.
We laughed in graveyards
afraid of ghosts.
Then we began to dream
of knights in shinning armour
and fancy long ball gowns.
There were tears, soon forgotten.
We were brave and proud
not knowing fear of defeat
Tragedy was dropping your ice cream
and love was a kiss,
stolen from the boy next door.
Happiness was spring coming
and drinking grape kool–aide.
"...when I became a man, I gave up childish ways"
I don't climb trees anymore
there aren't any left.
And I have few friends
My point of view has changed.
I don't throw rocks
except a glass houses.
My kind of fun is illegal
and hazardous to my health.
Fear is being alone;
pride has been replace by
the shame of waking up with a stranger.
All my knights wear business suits
and drink too much, too long.
Tragedy is the broken lives
revealed in a drunken loneliness.
And I've kissed too many
of the boys next door
for it to be love.
The laughter is as hollow as
the sound of ice in empty glasses.
Spring died, grape Kool–aide kills,
so I drink beer.

Waiting for you

Waiting for you–
I'm standing here
Shifting restlessly back and forth
Impatiently waiting for you.
Will you come soon?
Will you come at all?
The waiting intensifies the desire.
Time sharpens the edge of the want
And your absence becomes painful.
I feel the pain and the desperation
Of the junkie needing a fix.
Please come soon.

Waiting for you–
Will you fully receive me
When you come?
Will the union distorted by distance
Be restored?
I fell
I feel incomplete;
Part of me has withered away
And I hope that you can restore me.
Like the junkie getting a fix
I will be complete when you come.
Please come soon.

Earl Scott

ADRIFT

The sun rises by my side and maintains its steady vigilance.
Ever watchful, ever warming, the golden rays cascade the decks
in the full beauty of the morning.
Shimmering and sparkling, tiny, watery prisms reflect the
symphony of friendship surrounding me.
Overhead my sails are full, each of their seams taut, striving
with expectation for "the promise of new tomorrows."

Waves dance over the bow and I am cloaked in a garb of
wonderous amazment by this liquid sunshine.
I feel free to explore and to search and to experiment–
nothing is binding me and the protection offered by my
friend allows me to reach out.
Out here I can laugh; I can smile; I can think; and I can cry.

For surrounding me now are clouds, shielding me from warmth
and comfort.
Who can judge their depth or length? No longer do my dancing
characters break about me in smiles, no longer is there
any purpose for the seas to carry on.
Drifting steadily, but aimlessly I continue.

I prepare for the worst, but there is nothing.
All openings are secured—protected from entry by all,
save one; one causeway remains open always for the
sunshine to return,
night after night I sit in quiet thought...
Time has ceased to exist as the minutes blend into hours, and
those into days. How long can it last?

Always hoping, always waiting, but never, ever sure.

Pat Wilson

THOUGHTS ON DR. ZHIVAGO

Like a throne for the Snow Princess, the chair bedecked
With winter's sparkling gems
Is hallowed now. The chandelier, no longer clinking
But frozen still, crystal and ice
And moonlight, floats above the cold mirror
That was once a tabletop. And opaque
With etched ferns of frost
The window sash rests on the sill
Broken where I see patches of violet, whistling
At the dreadful beauty both inside and out.
Howl, wolves, at the candlelight and the
White onion domes for she is safe and warm
Compressed and fast asleep beneath pillows of down
Her angelic head sunk deep into a pillow that will soon
Once again feel the drowsy weight of my head
And her body tucked beneath a toastier snow
Are like the silent, resting clock, oblivious to
Something, everything, even peace.

Howl, wolves, but do not cry for me or the sadness that is sure to follow the rising sun. With all my flaws, I am alive. Was not this stately house built to keep out the snow? And yet how majestic is this parlor mantled in awesome silver ice. Horses may thunder across the plains and kick up sprays of mud, and cannonballs may skitter and hiss through ranks of bowed uniforms, but all that seems so far away now. Scratch at the window, branch, and softly wave your shadow of icy webs, but softly, for the beauty is fleeting and time marches. Beauty reigns tonight; they tell me about aesthetics tomorrow, just before they mourn the waste of furniture in the parlor. Well it is priceless to me now: tomorrow it will be furniture; tonight it is breathtaking.

There is a cemetery in Moscow. I suppose that now its old stone crosses are half buried in snowdrifts. It is quite a pretty place, aomewhat like a sculpture garden for those of us still alive. Its loveliness is marred only by its geometry it symmetry—the straight rows of graves. I object to order in a cemetery since I see little uniformity in death itself save for the physical act of dying. But after all, cemeteries are arrangements for the living and does not man always try to arrange and make meaningful everything that crosses his path including the death of his brother? I know somehow the snow does not belong in the parlor but I like it.

Dustless and spotless in my memory, this silent room has never been so alive as now. There is more life in a sparrow hopping on the cemetary wall than in all the philosophies of man's history. There is life in that howling—to be a wolf loping threough a dark pine forest! And tomorrow I must deal with the ones who said they would,"show you the sun with a lantern." Ah, the life in the animated old yellow moon, dancing with the stars—they are lucky in their solitude. But all the vast forests and high mountains of the Russias cannot preserve my own peace.

It is outrageous that they presume to tell me how to maneuver my pen upon paper. They can no more tell a snowflake where to fall. I write for the same reason that I love her—mysteriously, helplessly, gladly..

It is not fair to say that she embodies life and that by hugging her tightly I am hanging on to nights like this. I love her for herself, which I can no more explain than I can tell why there is such saddness in peace. I only know that she draws me away from this parlor and to her side, to the welcome smothering warmth of the feather pillow.

Without opening her eyes, she fondles my hand and lays her head on my chest. Her hair so dark from a distance is translucent now, each strand luminous with the moon's glow. I kiss her hair and drift to sleep against my will but not before I see once more the sheen of the solitary moon.

Robert Elam

PINE MEMORIES by Carlene Whitney

Shivering, sneezing, and rubbing my hands together in an effort to bring some feeling back into my numb fingers, I dropped my pen and slammed the book. I turned on the heater then curled up at the window by my bed. I could barely hear the whistle of the wind outside over the hiss of the steam running through the heater's pipes, but I could see how my pine tree was whipped back and forth under its force.

Yes, the pine was mine. I had adopted the tree eight years ago when we had first moved into the house. It was as tall as the telephone wires then and I had mentally urged it to grow. Now it cleared the wires by six feet. In younger days, I was accustomed to gazing at it, lost in a daydream on lazy spring evenings, confiding to it my feelings and expectations on nervous, sleepless Christmas Eves, and giving it icy, wilting looks after arguments with my mother.

It was a tree of unbelievable hardiness and flexibility and I flet myself called upon to scale its friendly branches and refamiliarize myself with forgotten fantasies of mountain climbing and standing guard in a watch tower amid its lofty boughs. I pulled on a jacket and tennis shoes forsaking my toasty–warm room and thumping down the stairs.

Outside, the wind blew my breath away and nipped my blood. I heaved myself up into the tree and began climbing. The tree was up to its usual tricks, grabbing my hair with pine needles and gluing my hands to the trunk with sap. I passed woodpecker holes and the remains of a broken branch which had once tried to hurl me earth–ward. Finally, I reached the top and clung firmly to the trunk and started to daydream. Anyone looking out of the window would have seen the black silhoutte of the pine with some strange and mysterious form standing in its upper branches with one hand shading its eyes as it scanned the horizon for pirate ships.

Death of a Dream

Starring hungry man,
Walking the Street,
Begging for a crumb,

Snow falling on your long white beard
and faded red coat.
So lonely
no friends or family;
Even the elves no longer believe.

Tammi Caskey

a little consideration

i go to the kitchen
and turn on the light over the table.
opening the refrigerator
i get out the gallon of tea.
i pour a glass
and stan there and drink it
with the door wide open,
the light bulb shining in defiance.

my eyes stare
at the time running on the oven clock.
3 a.m.
i think about cutting a piece of
chocolate cake, but
i know i'm not hungry,
it's just that empty feeling;
it's just a nuisance.

i think of you
driving my car,
your hand on the gearshift, smiling.
"Friends."
is that all
we are?
we're close.
we don't even say the word.

i turn out the light
and go back to
my room,
crawl into bed,
snuggle under the covers, comfortable,
and wait for
another
nightmare....

G. Gary Ballard
second prized in the 1979-80 Helmus Poetry Contest

Sitting on his haunches
the old man warms his hands, rubbing them together,
hoping to recover im them some small portion of the heat
they once knew.
As he rubs dry rough fingers across scarred palms and withered skin
sensations flood across his mind
the cold harshness of a rifle in winter,
the silky warmth of a woman's skin,
the wet horror of sticky, blood–soaked earth,
the sheltering strength of freshly–tilled home–soil.

Memories of a hundred touches———
staring he wonders how these
palsied roots could have been so strong, so gentle——
come with memories of sounds, sights, scents, situations.
How much these hands have done, he thinks, yet to what end?
Searching through memories of a lifetime's years, he looks to his hands
for some clue——is there any reason behind these passions?

All done, all gone, only these hands remain.
Rubbing them, the old man mutters,"warmth, O God, just warmth."

David Roquemore

The Balcony (a translation of Charles Baudulaire's "Le Balcon")

Mother of memories, mistress of mistresses,
You my only duty, and only delight!
You will remember the lovely caresses,
The evening's magic and silent fireside,
Mother of memories, mistress of mistresses.

On evenings lit by glowing coals,
And nights on the balcony, veiled in a rose-colored mist,
I felt the softness of your breast, the goodness of your heart!
And we often spoke words that will never be lost
On evenings lit by glowing coals

Lovely are the suns of summer evenings!
Space is deep and hearts are strong!
I leaned towards you, adoration's queen,
And thought I caught the scent of your blood;
Lovely are the suns of summer evenings!

The night grew thick around us like a wall.
And my eyes in darkness found the gleam of your's.
I drank your breath, so sweet, so deadly!
And your feet slept in my hands as in a brother's!
The night grew thick around us like a wall.

I know how to bring those moments back to mind
And live again my past curled up between your knees.
For where else could I find your beauty's soothing numbness
But in your soft warm body and your tender heart?
I know how to bring those moments back to mind.

These fragrances, promises, kisses unnumbered—
Will they rise from a gulf too deep to know,
Like suns that are washed in the deepest oceans
Then climb again, reborn, into the sky?
O, fragrances, promises, kisses unnumbered!

David Morgan

The Journal is published two times during the academic year by the students and faculty of Wofford College. The magazine is supervised financially by the Publications Board. All inquiries should be addressed to The Journal P.O. 141, Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina 29301

The cover photograph by Tom Lowrimore is of Carlisle Hall which has served as a dormitory, a theatre and as office space for Wofford security is to be torn down in the near future and so it seemed appropriate that this landmark be preserved in some manner.

m